

## Mad Moments

The song of the lonely  
Is as a Banshees wail,  
Agonizingly and depressingly  
hollow.

The cell of the mind,  
Loneliness, slowly  
Tightens about the soul,  
Menacing sanity's horde.

Loneliness, like a siren,  
Lures the unexpected  
Into a trap that cannot  
Be escaped.  
As with a Venus Flytrap,  
Loneliness engulfs the victim and  
He can no longer back out.

Silent! O Mind of Mine Be Silent!

My feelings are always confusing,  
[Anger and love happiness and hate,]  
A turmoil, all consuming.  
[Each a viper but can it be fate?]  
I know my own emotions,  
[Lethal, cold, deadly, unsure]  
The toxic potion of Man's Notions.  
[But if it is fate, there can be no cure]  
My mind is too clouded to be untrue  
[Why must I be condemned by fates gone mad?!]  
This maddening cloud is more than a ruse  
[Do I have free will, now, if I ever had?]  
I am doomed to madness, for I must never love.  
Am I to be punished by unseen Gods from above.

This madness is silent  
And my mind bleeds no more.

--Apollo J. Masterson